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Prologue

Russia screamed.
He saw someone holding a bloody knife, walking towards him.

Russia saw who it was

It was.....

//6 days earlier//

Russia woke up. He looked around and saw a bunch of other countries. *America, Canada, Australia....*
Then he saw it. A dead body. It was China. " China! " Yelled Russia. Everyone woke up, startled at the noise Russia was making. "Eee! He's dead!" Shouted Japan, who saw the body. " Why? " asked Australia. Canada stepped forward. "No, the question we *should* be asking is who?" He said. Japan nodded, her ears and tail drooped down in fear. Suddenly, a P.A system sounded. "I see you have all woken up. Good. See poor China here?" The voice asked. *It's so familiar* ...thought Russia. "Well, that will happen to all of you during a week, if you can't find the killer." Said The mysterious voice. Ukraine piped up. " Who are you, and what do you want? " she said. Some countries nodded. " It's Ussr. And Third Reich. And we don't want anything. So, find the killer in this maze or die. " Ussr said. Ukraine whimpered, and Canada came to her and hugged her. Russia looked around.

1-Groups?!

(Russia's POV)
Russia saw America. As a child, Russia had a crush on him. But then Japan came. Japan also had a crush on America. America came toward Russia. "Hey, wanna be in my group?" America asked. " Um, groups? " stuttered Russia. America chuckled " Oh, Germany is separating everyone into 2 groups of 6, I have Japan, South Korea, Canada, Australia,Me , and You, if you want" America explained. "Okay, sure I'll be in your group!" Said Russia cheerfully. "Okay, my team follow me, and America's team follow him. Don't stray from the group. Try to find food and shelter. Stick together, and *Try to find the killer*." Germany ordered. *What a bossyboots* thought Russia. " My group, follow me! " declared America.
Heh, cute. America led them into a dark tunnel. Sk stuck with Japan, and Canada stuck with Australia. I guess I have to partner with America. Russia came up beside America,who was in the lead. "How have you been?" Asked Russia. " Oh, I'm good, especially with us being stuck inside a maze with a killer. " America said. "Soo... Where are we going to stay?" Asked Canada. " We are going to stay in that little clearing. " said America. America halted in the clearing. " Japan and SK, start setting up tents, 3 should be good for now. Aussie and Canada, look around for weapons and food. " said America. Japan looked suspicious. "What are you and Russia going to do?" She asked. "We are going to decide what to do. Try not to get killed." Replied America. After the 4 countries left , America turned to Russia. " What do you think we should do? " asked America. Russia sat down on the dusty earth. " I think we should finish making the tents, then gather enough food for everyone tonight, make a fire, and not die. " Russia said. America sat down beside him. " Heh, sounds like a plan. " said America.

{TIMESKIP}
It was late at night. Russia,America, Canada, Japan, Australia, and SK say around a fire. "Wow, Japan, this sushi is really good!" Mumbled SK with a mouth full of fish. " Thanks! " Japan purred. Canada and Australia ate some rabbits which they had caught.

Russia and America ate a chicken. After they ate, America stood up. " Guys! This is how it's gonna go! Russia is 2nd in command. Japan and SK, you guys share one tent, Aussie and Canada share the other. Me and Russia will share the last one. Japan looked angry at the prospect of Russia being with America.
Japan left and came back with some flowers and leaves. She started making a flower crown. *Probably for America.* Canada started to check the trees for maple syrup, a favourite of his. SK and Australia went to their tents for the night. "Goodnight!" Said Aussie. " Goodnight! " America called back. "'Night" mumbled Russia. Russia went to the creek, where Japan has caught her fish. Russia sat down, contemplating the events of the day. *Why did my own father lock me and Ukraine in here? Where is Belarus? Why can't I tell America i like him? Why did my foot fall asleep? Who i-* America walked to Russia. "Hey, what's up?" America asked. " Nothing, just thinking. " mumbled Russia. "Tommorow, wanna go explore with me?" Asked America . *What why?* "Sure, Meri." Russia replied. " D-did you just call me Meri?! " stuttered America. " Shit, um yes? " Replied Russia nervously. Russia blushed. "Haha, then *I* get to give you a nickname." Said America. Russia's flag was almost as red as his father's. "Hmm....how about Rus?" Suggested America. "You know - " Russia got cut off as he slipped and fell into the creek with a splash. "Rus! Are you okay?" Yelled America after him. Russia blinked. " Y-yea I'm okay, I had a nice *trip*. " America lent Russia his hand, Russia took it, blushing slightly. "Haha, wow, what happened to you?" Canada laughed behind them. " Rus slipped, and fell into the creek. " America explained. America led Russia to the fire. "Sit down, and dry yourself up." America told him. Russia obeyed and sat down.
He was soaked, the only part of Russia that wasn't wet was his precious Ushanka.Japan and Canada soon went to bed. America put his hand on Russia's shoulder. "Time for bed." He said. Russia nodded and got up. He and America headed into their tent. America got on his bed. Russia looked at him. "Hey, Meri?" He asked. America looked back. " Yea? " Russia played with his hands nervously. "Um, how do you tell someone you like them?" He asked. America blinked slowly. " Well, I would just tell them how I feel. " "Ah, okay." Russia nodded. Russia suddenly got up. "Meri, I love you."

Hmmm that was quick. I'm too lazy

2-Transfer

" Meri , I love you."

{America's POV }

America looked up at Russia. His face was blushing. *I love you too*. America got up. He walked to Russia. "Wh-" Russia got cut off as America kissed him. They kissed deeply, but they eventually had to part for air. "Heh, i-i love you too, Rus." Breathed America. America laid down in his bed. Russia also laid in his bed. " Goodnight. " said America. "Love ya, Meri." Said Russia. America fell into a deep sleep. He had pleasant dreams that night.

{The next morning..}
"NOOO!"
America shot up as he heard the screech. Russia nodded, and America ran out of the tent, Russia at his heels. America gasped as he saw the gruesome sight. Australia's body, bloodied and broken. His jaws gaped at an unnatural angle. Someone had brutally stabbed him in his sides and back. Canada came out and saw Aussie. Canada burst into tears. "W-why him? He was so innocent." Whispered SK. Japan gasped and hugged SK, crying. America put up his shades, not wanting Russia, or anyone else, to see him cry. He was the group's leader, he had to be strong. America looked up as he heard a rustle in the bushes. It was Germany. "Any casualt-" Germany cut off as he was Aussie. Canada curled up in his tent and cried. SK and Japan were feebly trying to comfort one another. "Well, I'm sorry, but America, we need to talk." Said Germany. America nodded and followed him into his tent. Germany sat on Russia's bed. America say down on his, too. " So, I think I might have to transfer Ukraine into your group. " said Germany. America cocked his head. " Oh, why? " he asked. "Because Ukraine seems..lonely," Germany replied. " I think she would do good with her big brother. " America nodded. He too approved this decision. "Okay, it's settled. Ukraine is joining us.I'll take Russia to go get her.How is your group?" Said America. "Oh, Britain and France are

doing good. Spain is nonetheless cheerful. NK is a bit agitated. And Ukraine just sits in her tent all day." Germany reported. " Okay, we'll get Ukraine. " said America. Germany nodded and left the tent. America then flopped onto his bed and openly sobbed. *My own brother is dead , I'll never see him or hear him again.* America continued sobbing.

{Russia's POV}
Russia came into the tent. He saw America, sobbing. Russia came to his bed and hugged him. "I-im sorry." Said Russia. America hugged back. " We *have* to find the killer. No matter what happens. " America whispered.

{America's POV}
Russia kissed his cheek. "We will, don't worry." America sighed and got out of the hug. He stood up and looked at Russia. "You coming? We have to welcome Ukraine in." America said. Russia nodded and followed him. America raised his voice. "Guys, We are going to do a transfer. Japan and SK looked up. Canada came out and sat by the fire. " Who is coming?" asked Canada. America looked at him. "Ukraine." He answered . He saw Canada's eyes lighten up a bit. *Oh Canada, your crush on Ukraine is just too cute.* Japan stood up. "Are we going to switch tent partners?" She asked, her eyes hopeful. America shook his head. " No. And me and Russia are going to look for supplies. " America looked at Russia, smirking. " Ready to go? " he asked. He saw Russia blush slightly. " Sure. " America nodded and led Russia out of their camp. He walked down a tunnel. "Um, where are we going? I thought we were just getting supplies?" Said Russia nervously. America turned and looked at him. "Well, if your *sister* is supplies, then yes." Russia brightened up. America came to a stop when they reached Germany's camp. "Germany? We are here to get Ukraine." America said. Germany nodded, and went into a nearby tent.
Ukraine stumbled a bit, dragging her feet across the camp. Russia picked her up as she fell. " what's wrong with her? " asked America. Germany bit his lip nervously. "Uh, s-she is extremely lonely. Like, she mumbles something about Canada. I think she likes him" "Well, anyways we should get going." America said. Germany, Russia, and America said their goodbyes, and headed back to their own camp.

A/N
Sorry this tool so long to update. I lost motivation, but I will continue this. Also I will probably make a different cover. I AIN'T GET NO SLEEP CAUSE OF WATTPAD
WATTPAD NOT GONNA SLEEP CAUSE OF ME

it's 1:12 am :>

A/N

Hi I may not continue this book. I don't think anyone reads this but idc. If I get at least 1 comment saying to continue this, I will. The no motivation arrow hit me hard. But I might update this every , like, month. :>

3-A Clue?

America was sent to find wood. When he came back, he claimed to have been attacked.

(Present Time)
{ Tall boi Rus's POV}

"They *what*?!" Russia yelled. Russia slammed his fists into a makeshift table. All the countries sat around the fire. "T-they tried t-to kill me." America whimpered. "At least they *didn't* kill him." Pointed out Japan. Ukraine huffed. " Not *yet*. Pretty soon they will kill us all. " Canada wrapped his arm around Ukraine. "Wow, aren't you the cheerful one." Russia jumped up. " THAT'S NOT THE POINT! WE HAVE TO FIND THE KILLER! " He screamed. Everyone looked taken aback. America whimpered and pressed himself closer to Russia. "Russia's right. We have to find the killer and end Ussr's sick game." America whispered. " I'm going to sleep. " Japan said sleepily. "I'll come,too." South Korea said, leaving after Japan . "Ame, when the person attacked you, did you see anything? At all?" Russia asked. America shook his head. " No, all I *did* see was a shadow, and then The axe that was thrown at me. " Russia thought for a moment. *'Hmm.. The axe was the weapon. But both camps have axes. '*
Russia picked Canada. "What?" Canada said. " Where is the axe? " asked Russia. Canada looked around. "Its by Japan's tent." He answered. "Do.. You think Japan did it?" Ukraine whispered. America shrugged. "I am not sure." Mumbled Canada. Russia dodged the question. "Do you think so, Ukraine?" Asked Russia. " I honestly do. " she replied. Russia poked the fire with a stick. "Maybe North Korea did it? He's always seeming to be angry." Canada suggested. America rolled his eyes. " He probably didn't do it, but is using our fear of thinking he is to his advantage. " Ukraine giggled. "Wow, that's probably the smartest sentence we ever heard out of you." Canada laughed. " So, maybe tomorrow we could ask Germany's group and we could work together to find the killer? " suggested Russia. "And we only have 5 days left before we are all

dead. And it seems that every night at *least* one person is killed." Canada put in. " Okay, with *that* settled, let's get some rest. " America said. Everyone nodded and said their "good nights" and headed off to their tents. Russia went into his tent. " So, got any suspects? " He asked America. America was laying on his bed. " Hmm.... Ukraine? I mean, Germany seemed a bit desperate to get rid of her. Maybe he knows it's her and sent her to kill *us*. " Russia was startled. He wouldn't even *think* of her sister killing anyone. *'Maybe he's right? What if Ukraine is killing us all?'*
Russia just nodded and went into his own bed. "Are you okay? Did I upset you?" Asked America from his bed. Russia sighed. " A little bit, but it's fine. America crawled onto Russia's bed. "I'm sleeping here. You have no choice in the matter." America said, curling up to Russia. Russia chuckled . "Okay, goodnight, *Meri*." America gasped and looked at Rus. "Well, okay *Rus*, I guess goodnight then." Russia kissed America, and then went to sleep.

Okay, okay, I *kno* w that this is terrible. When I finish this book, I'm going to rewrite it. Who do you guys think the killer is? Tbh I don't even know who it is yet, so I'm just kinda winging it, you know? Also , in a few days, school starts. Actually my first day at highschool. So I'm going to update less. But I'll still update. Sorry for any errors, feel free to point them out. Thanks for reading!!

-Isablue

4- A New Threat

{America's POV}

America opened his eyes. He yawned, stretching. *'Hopefully, no one got killed'*
He left the tent, careful not to wake up Russia. Canada was the only one up, he saw. America walked to him and say down beside him. "So, anything?" Asked America. Canada shook his head. " No, but I *think* I have feelings for.... Ukraine.... "
America giggled. "You should tell her! I think she likes you, too." Canada slightly smiled, blushing a bit. "Who do *you* think is the real killer?" America asked.

" At first, I thought it was Japan. But I don't really think so anymore. Maybe it's ..... Spain? I mean, when China died, I noticed he looked..... pleased. " The Canadian said. America nodded. This seemed logical to him. He turned around as he heard rustling. Germany came into view. "H-hey. Any c-casualties?" He stuttered. America shook his head. " No, what about you? " America said. Germany looked nervous. "U-um, One person. Spain. He was..... Strangled." He said. Canada stepped in. " let me get Russia, then we can dicuss. " America nodded as Canada went to fetch Russia. Soon, Russia came back with Canada.

"So... What happened?" Groggily asked Russia. America put his hand on Russia, so he wouldn't fall in exhaustion. "Well, S-Spain was killed. He w-was *strangled*." Germany said nervously. Russia sighed. "I wish my Father's stupid game would come to an end." Canada left to wake the others. " Any clues? " asked Russia. Germany straightened up. "Well, there was a *rop*e by Spain, but I guess that doesn't really help much." He reported. "Hmm... Who seems the most suspicious?" America pressed. Germany looked at America as if he had ants in his eyes. "Britain and North Korea. They looked somewhat *relieve*d that Spain has died." America looked at Russia. "Let's being everyone together. Then we can interrogate everyone." Suggested America. Russia got everyone up,

leaving for Germany's camp.

|Timeskip brought to you by my desperate screaming|

{Russia's POV}
"Okay, everyone get into a line!" ordered Germany from beside Russia. Everyone did as they were told, lining up in a line. "Okay, France, come up first." Russia said. France nervously came up to Germany and Russia. "So, where were you on all the nights we were here?" Asked Germany. France looked emotionless. "On the first night, Me and My boyfriend, Britain, were trying to find the killer. But we ended up being attacked." Germany nodded. " That *did* happen. " Russia looked at Germany, confused. "Wait, then why didn't you tell us?" He asked. Germany sighed. He looked at France, then at him.

"Well, I didn't know till *after* I came back. And then when I came again, Spain died, so....." Germany trailed off. America facepalmed. "Okay, let's just finish this up. I'm tired." He whined. Russia patted America's head. "Oh is the widdle baby tired?" Russia teased. America glared at him. "Yes, this *widdle baby* is tired, and he's not afraid to bite you."
Russia chuckled. "Um,guys? Stop being lovey-dovey and let's finish the interrogation." Germany said.
America and Russia nodded.
'I hope we find the killer pretty soon.'

A/N :
I'm sorry for this story going wayy to fast. One again, I will remake this when I finish it. Also tell me who you suspect is the killer! I finally decided on the killer. I'm starting school, so updates might be slow. But they *will* still be there. Thanks for 100+ views!
^^

- Isablue

5- In the dead of night

Soon enough, America, Russia, and Germany finished interrogating all the other countries. None really seemed suspicious, except France, North Korea, and Japan. France was suspicious because she seemed nervous, and guilty of something. North Korea seemed suspicious because he glared at everyone, like he wanted to kill them, and he also seemed to be plotting something. And Japan. Japan seemed suspicious because she had a gleam in her eyes. *' A very evil gleam.'* America thought.

{Present Time}
America couldn't sleep. He was too paranoid. *'What if he kills me, or.... Russia??'*
America couldn't *live* without Russia. His thoughts were disturbed by someone coming into the tent. America tensed up. As the figure came closer and closer..... It was Japan.

"Japan!? " America asked. Japan nodded. "America senpai, I must tell you something." She said. America sat up on his bed. " Yes, what is it? "He asked curiously. Japan's ears lowered. "I-i Think I love y-you." She whispered. America was shocked. He didn't ever think of Japan like that, just as a good friend. " I-i'm sorry, Japan. I love Russia. ALso, how did you not notice us? " America said. "I hoped it really wasn't for real. But bye, and goodnight." Japan murmured as she left the tent, her ears and tail drooping. America wiped tears from his eyes. He didn't *mean* to hurt her feelings. America sighed. His sigh roused Russia from sleep. Russia turned to him. "What's wrong?" Russia asked. America layed back down. " I hurt Japan, when she confessed her feelings for me. " America admitted. "Ah, okay. Well goodnight." Russia murmured , falling back asleep. America giggled softly. *"Goodnight ... Rus."*

Yes I know that this one is short. Sorry. I'm just REEEAALLYyyy BUSY.

!Not a chapter!

A nutshell thing:
America: Oh No I'm too short to protect meself. Also I got attacked reeeEEE
Russia: If you hurt my love I kill you but I'm not the real killer lol xD also I am Tall Tree
Japan: I luv America cause everyone does also I am a cat
South Korea: I'm invisible to the story and also I luv Japan
Australia: HAHAHA LOL Canada Loves Ukraine! Ajajsj hahaha also I am ded
China: I'm ded :>
Spain: I look at China's dead corpse uayayayay
North Korea:I am edgy teen.Also people suspect me of many murders, only a few i actually did its all gud
Canada: ELLO MATE OH WAIT THAT'S AUSSIE's line can I redo it? Also I drink syrup and no one suspects me because I luv Ukraine
Ukraine: Hi I hate almost everyone, but not Canada
Germany: Hi I am very nervous
France: Hi I won't kill my husbando. Orange
Britain: I like tea :)
Ussr:
Third Reich:

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announcement

There will be a pause on this book. But only for a bit. I am taking a break for a bit. But a new chapter *will* come out soon!

-Isablue

6- Die or Don't

Russia's POV

Russia woke up to the sound of a scream. Without thinking, he immediately ran out if the tent. Russia ran toward the pond, where the scream came from. He stumbled to a halt as he saw Someone holding Ukraine Underwater. The person noticeably had cat ears. *"Was it Japan?!"*

The person saw Russia and immediately ran off. Russia ran to Ukraine's side. "Are you okay?!" Russia demanded. Ukraine's eyes were glazed with fear. She had a coughing attack ."I- I came out to get some water, b-but they c-came from behind me. I t-turned around, and then t-they pushed me and held me underwater. " Ukraine whimpered.

Russia nodded. One of the tents behind him rustled as Canada slid out. "What- UKRAINE!" Canada yelled, seeing the poor half-drowned country. Canada ran to her, cradling Ukraine in his arms.

"W.. What is it?" America said sleepily. Canada whipped his head toward his brother. "Someone tried to *drown* Ukraine!" He shouted. America looked more awake now. "The person ran away as soon as they saw me, and they had *cat ear*s, or animal ears." Russia explained to America. South Korea came out of the tent, listening to their conversation. " It *wasn't* Japan! She-she was sleeping right beside me!" SK indignantly said. Canada and America looked as if they didn't believe him. The tent rustled once more as Japan finally came out. Canada, America, and Ukraine shot her accusing stares.

"Why is everyone staring at me like that?" Asked Japan. America's eyes darkened. "You tried to drown Ukraine!" He shouted. Japan's eyes widened. *"Is she surprised? Because she was caught so quickly? Or maybe she didn't do it, and is surprised that she is being accused?"*

"I didn't do anything!" Japan said. Canada shook his head, disbelieving. America glared at Japan. "Huh, *really*." He said. Russia

shot America and Canada a look. "Hey now, let's make breakfast and discuss this later." Russia said, trying to get everyone to calm down.

Everyone sat down around the fire, Russia noticed that everyone except for SK was avoiding Japan. Russia also saw them giving her accusing glares. He put the fish fillets on the stones beside the fire. Russia looked up at the other countries. *"Was it actually Japan? I thought that France and North Korea were the top suspects."*

For now, Russia shouldn't point out his suspicions and suspects, as they could possibly cause trouble for him. Or kill him, whichever comes first.

But Russia's main question was..... Who is the next victim?
And will it be him or America?

Wow, I feel like I'm actually getting better at writing. Also, there will be about 3-7 more chapters before I end this book and rewrite it. Thanks for 500+ reads! That's really cool! Well, bye for now. P.s 474 words

-Isablue

7- Insanity?

Oof, sorry I'm so late! School is an actual pain in the ass, and I was working on animations and stuff like that. But here you go!

{America's POV}

"Now, everyone, calm down. Me and Russia talked to our fathers. They gave us a hint as to how to find the killer." Germany called out, with Russia as his side. The crowd of countries gasped and whispered at this new information. Germany and Russia let the crowd quiet down before continuing. "My father, Third Reich, and Russia's father, the Soviet Union, have told us something; That everytime the killer murders someone, they lose a bit of their soul or mind, eventually driving them into insanity." Germany said. Russia nodded, "So, in order to find the killer, keep an eye out for anyone acting crazy. And if they share a tent with you, put a knife or something under your pillow to defend yourself." America shuddered. He sincerely hoped that Russia, the love of his life, was *not* the killer. And be also hoped Rus didn't die either. America sighed as everyone left the group's meeting.

{Timeskip}

America hesitantly put the knife under his pillow. He really didn't want to do this, but he *had to.* "Its okay, I understand." Russia said, rubbing America's back comfortingly. America walked out of the tent, looking around. Ever since Germany and Russia has decided to bring the group's together, it was looking both *full* and *empty*. Suddenly, a rustle on the bushes got Russia and America's attention. Germany, South Korea, and Canada came in, holding a body. Alarmed, America ran over. "A-are they *dead*?" America asked nervously. Germany looked straight at him, love, relief, and fear all in his eyes. "Its Poland. We *found* her. She's *alive*." America stood back in shock, letting the other three countries bring Poland into Germany's tent. *'How the hell is Poland alive? I thought she was Nazi and Ussr's beating doll. Germany must be joyfully raged.'* He thought. America glanced at Canada. His face was a mixture of relieved and terrified. Suddenly, a hand was on his shoulder. As America turned

around, another hand was covering his mouth. America tried to scream, eyes wide with fear. The person behind him dragged him into the bushes. America struggled, trying to escape. The person held his arms behind him, tight enough to let him know with any more pressure, his arms would break. After about 5 minutes of walking, they came to a stop. The person flipped America around, and quickly started tying America's hands together. "Sorry, but I have to tie you to the tree, and I'm going to have to knock you out in case you try to escape." The person said. America turned his head to the person. The person's head whipped around quick, their face becoming visible. It was France!? "Hey, you don't have to do that" America quickly said. France narrowed her eyes at him. "Perhaps, but I certainly *want* to." She said, picking up a hefty stick. America whimpered as the stick hit him square in the head, and then everything went black.

8-Rescue

{Russia's POV}
'Where did he go? I literally just saw him!'
Russia paced the camp. America hadn't been seen in *hours*, and it was almost dark. "Did Britain, Japan, and France come back yet?" Russia anxiously asked Canada. The Canadian shook his head. "Japan came back, saying UK and France wanted to be alone." Russia growled. Germany, South Korea, and Ukraine came toward Russia. "What do you want?" Russia snarled at them. Germany raised his hands defensively. "Wow, *calm down*. I am sending South Korea, Ukraine, and Canada to search for him. Don't worry, we'll *find* him." Germany said. Russia walked to the logs beside the fire. "Okay, go *now*." Russia said to them. As they all turned around to leave, Russia said something else. "*Please*."
They all nodded, then, holding their weapons, they left into the bushes. Poland came up to him. She was looking a *lot* better now than when they had found her, starving, injured, unconscious. "Hey, it's okay, they'll find America. Until then, you should get some sleep." She said, patting his back. Russia shook his head furiously. "No, nononono, *not* until we *find* him, I'm not sleeping, no." He said stubbornly. Poland sighed, leaving Russia to himself. Russia looked at the darkening sky. Stars were already starting to appear there. *'Oh America, please come back to me, safe and sound.'*.

{America's POV}
America woke up with a searing pain in his head. He looked around, barely making out a small clearing. He looked behind him, expecting to be tied up to the tree. But he wasnt. Only one foot was tied to the tree, with a link chain. He pulled on the chain, trying to pull free. "Going somewhere?" A voice from the darkness said. "Let me go!" America cried out. France came into view,right in front of America. "Keep acting like that, and you'll end up like Britain." She hissed, kneeling down to face America. America looked over her shoulder, at a weakly moving figure on the ground. "Please.... stop....no...more....." It whispered. France turned her head to that figure, presumably Britain. "Crap, he's still alive.... Excuse me, let

me go deal with *him.*" France said, standing up. America couldn't look away, as France went to Britain. France grabbed something, It was too dark to see, and she hit Britain in the head repeatedly with it. America closed his eyes, hearing a skull break, and a squishing sound. After the sound stopped, he opened his eyes again. France one again appeared in front of him. "Huh, well, I got to go back to the camp, gotta avoid suspicion." She said. America noticed her eyes were wide, pupils tiny. She looked *very insane*. *'I hope Russia is safe.'* America remembered him with a pang. *'What if he's already dead?'* America shook the thought away. Its only been a few hours, a day at most. 'Don't worry, I'll be back every night.' France said, tossing some sort of meat fillet at him. "And don't even *try* to escape, I moved us farther away from camp, so don't call out either." France hissed, walking away. As soon as France left, America burst into tears. He sobbed and sobbed, he didn't even know *why*. Noticed a pair of cat ears, near Britain's dead body. He remembered when someone with *cat* ears attacked Ukriane, trying to drown her, and then everyone had blamed poor Japan for it. *'But it was France.'*America suddenly felt a fierce surge of anger, along with fear and sadness. He pulled the chain with his leg, pulling and pulling, until his leg was pulsing with pain. He grabbed the chain with his hands, pulling as hard as he possibly could. After about an hour of trying to break the chain, his eyes were dull with exhaustion. *'I suppose I could sleep for a bit.'* America thought, curling into a ball. It was already very dark outside. He saw Britain's body, outlined by moonlight. A terrifying thought crossed his mind. *'Will I end up like him?'*

Eeeeeeee we're getting close to ending this book!
If I finish this book before Christmas,then around New Years, I'll remake this book, with more detail and longer chapters! Maybe I'll even Change the Main characters, add more countries, or even change the killer! What do you guys think? Also, subscribe to my YouTube channel! It's called Isablue Animations, and I post animations and stuff on there! But only subscribe if you *want* to, I'm not forcing you or anything.
- Isablue

9- Stay Alive/ Important Note!

The song is totally not a reference to Hamilton- I mean, enjoy the chapter and thanks for all the support! Also warning, there's *quite* some violence in this chapter! :)

(A few days later...)

{Russia's POV}
A rustle in the bushes made Russia turn around. It was France. "FRANCE!" Russia yelled, running towards her. France turned to him, eyes wide with fear. "Russia! I lost Britain!" She cried, burying her face in her hands. *'Poor France, she lost her husband.'*
Then Russia remembered that America was still missing. His heart ached, doubting his love was still alive. "What happened?" Russia demanded. France's eyes were teary as she turned to face him. "We left Japan, and later he said he needed to go to the bathroom and he didn't come back!" She said. Something didn't feel right but Russia pushed it away. France sat down, eyes puffy from crying. Russia awkwardly patted her back, trying to comfort her. "Hey France? More bad news, America is missing." Russia had to tell her that. France looked up at Russia. "Thats *terrible*. We *must* find them!" She said. Russia nodded. He left her, neglecting to tell her that they sent 3 search parties and found nothing. Germany and Ukraine came and started to talk to France, and Canada sat beside Russia. "I miss America." Canada whispered to himself. "I know, I do too." Russia replied. Canada's head shot up. "What! How did you hear me?!" He shouted. Russia patted his head. "Shhh. .. it's dark, and *Ukriane* will want you to cuddle her....." Russia said, his face smug. Canada stood up, glared at Russia, then left, a blushing mess. South Korea came up to him. "Wow, am I *that* popular?" Russia said sarcastically. "Heh, no, I just wanted to tell you to get your ass to sleep." South Korea replied, putting out the fire. "Yea, not all of us wanna hear your complaining. " North Korea hissed. "Ugh, *fine,* but tommorow morning, we *leave* first thing to find America." Russia growled, heading to his tent. "And its *not complaining* when someone is *missing. "* He hissed back to North Korea. Russia crawled into his

bed, thinking of America.

He slowly started to doze off, *'Please let America be okay.'*

{America's POV}

America woke up to a twig snap. It was a gray wolf. "Are you here to kill me?" America asked it, knowing he wouldn't get an answer. "Please?" America said quietly, hanging his head. The wolf cocked its head, as if it was questioning America. A rustle in the bushes made the wolf run away. America saw its gray tail disappear into the bushes. France came into view, holding something. "Sorry I'm late!" France cheerfully said. "Russia and the others were *soo* depressed about you and Britain's disappearance." France regarded Britain's corpse, now beginning to rot. America struggled, he didn't want this. He wanted to be in Russia's arms, and for Russia to tell him everything is going to be okay. *'Well, it's far from that.'* He thought bitterly. France looked at the meat she had left there for him. "You didn't eat? Surprising. I'd have thought that the great America was a pig." She said. America's stomache growled, but he ignored it. " I'm not eating or doing anything you say, so let me go and I *might* not tell anyone about you." America declared. France looked like she was trying not to laugh. " *Excuse* me? I do believe *I* am not the one in chains tied to a tree. Don't give *me* orders." She hissed, her eyes glittering with hatred. France stood up, picking something up. "I'm going to have to *punish* you, America. *Somebody* has to teach you a lesson." She stated. America glanced behind France. There was an outline of a sack of some kind. *'Maybe that's what she's going to kill me with?'* Without warning, France brought down the large stick on America's head. America cried out with pain. His head pounded with pain. France picked up the stick again and brought it down on his back. America shrieked and fell down. He cried in agony, tears staining his face. France put the stick down and picked up a rock.

"NO! NONONO-" A rock slammed into America's face. America curled up into a shivering, crying ball. His entire body was filled with pain. *'Please just kill me, I know I'm never going to see Russia again.'* France came up to him and gave a vicious kick to the head. "I"ll be back tommorow, hopefully you'll be more well-behaved, and if not....." she said, walking away. "Maybe Russia has a death wish?"

She laughed, disappearing into the bushes. America was in full-on panic mode now. *'WHAT IF SHE HURTS RUSSIA!? SHE CANT, SHE WONT!"*
America knew the only sensible option. *'I need to kill myself.' Wait, no. Maybe i could escape without dying. 'Yes, that would be better.'* America looked at his one free leg. Maybe he could reach something with his feet and it could help him. *'Maybe that small stone?'* He stretched his free leg as far as he could. His toes *just* touched the stone. He stretched it until the pain was unbearable. He curled his toes around the stone and pulled his leg back. *'Aha! Got it!'* America grabbed the stone and started scraping at the chain. After about 20 minutes of this, it finally snapped. Bewildered, America stood up and looked around wildly. He was unconscious when France moved him, but he saw where she went. "I'll go that way." America decided. He then walked into the bushes, to the camp. '*To Russia.'*

Ooof we're so close! Only about 1,2, or 3 chapters left! (4 at most), but when this book ends, I think I'll do a QnA! What do you guys think? Also, I saw a few comments, people were *very* surprised that France was the killer. Those comments made me laugh so hard, so thank you! But also, I have a few more words-, I'm not sure I actually *should* remake this book once I finish it. I have a bunch of ideas for more books, some of them are genuinely original stories, but I'm not sure if people would actually *want* me to remake this crappy book. So PLEASE tell me if YOU would WANT A REMAKE OF THIS BOOK! Goodnight/ day/whatever! Also, should I make a request oneshots book?

-Isablue

10- A Close Ending

***Cries in Russian* The end is near! XD Anyways, enjoy!**

{Russia's POV}

"Hey, Russia, wake up!" A familiar voice said. Russia groggily got up. He almost screamed with joy when he saw America in front of him. "AMERICA! I MISSED YOU SO MUCH!" Russia yelled, pulling America close and showering him in kisses and hugs. "How long have I been gone?" America asked suddenly. Russia looked at him. "About 3 days...." Russia said, trailing off. America got off of him and stood up. " Well, get everyone, I have a few announcements." America said. Russia nodded, grabbing America's arm and dragging him outside the tent. " EVERYONE COME HERE! AMERICA IS BACK!" Russia yelled. Tents rustled, and soon enough, everyone came out. Canada's eyes widened at the sight of his brother. Canada ran to him and gave him a huge hug. "Guys, I have news!" America called out, slipping out of Canada's hug. Everyone grew silent, even North Korea's grumbling was silenced.

"Guys, Britain is *dead*." America said, glancing at France. Her face was livid with rage. America waited for the gasps and whispers to quiet down before he continued. America gulped." And the killer is"- a swish went through the air as a blade was thrown. America saw the blade coming toward him. Suddenly, a flash of red, white, and blue went in front of him. It was Russia. "RUSSIA!" America screamed. Russia collapsed in front of him. France smirked at the scene she had caused. In an instant, Germany and Canada were on top of her, pinning her down. "Somebody get bandages!" America shrieked. Poland and Ukriane ran into their tent to grab the bandages. America cradled Russia's head in his lap. The blade had struck home, lodged in his neck. Russia grunted with pain. "Shh... you're going to be okay. ... it's okay.. " America whispered to him. "I'm not dying.... am i?" Russia asked. America cradled him closer. "No... no you're not...." He whispered. America prayed this was true.

Poland and Ukraine came, with bandages, they were *supposed* to be

used to heal the victims, but they died before anyone could get to them. "Go deal with France, and we'll help Russia." Ukraine said gently. America nodded, leaving them. Ukraine would surely take care of her brother. "Do you want to kill her, or can i?" North Korea asked as he followed America. "You can, but not right now." America answered. "I should have killed you when I had the chance." France spat, struggling in Germany and Canada's grip. "Yea you should have..." America said, kneeling down to her level. "But ya didnt!" He yelled, showing a bit of his classic cheeky personality. "Now you tell us, Why? Why did you kill?" Germany. France glared at him. "Because Soviet and Nazi bribed me. And they also said they would kill *me* if I didn't." She hissed at them. Canada spoke up. " I'm pretty sure that's *blackmail* ."

"Perhaps," said France. "But either way, I was bound to do it, I *wanted* to do it, and there *was* someone I wanted gone. A *few* someones, to be exact." Germany and Canada shared a glance. America has enough. He stepped on her foot,hard. France shrieked with pain. "Tell us *who exactly*, you wanted to kill." America demanded. "Okay, okay!," France shouted, thrashing. "They were, Russia, South Korea, *You,* and Britain," She hissed. " Russia, because he's *Soviet's* son, South Korea, because *he* is too *happ*y all the time, and he is very annoying, You, because you love a fucking *commie,*and Britain, my own husband, because i *don't* want the stress of a divorce, because it's too expensive." France said. America's mouth gasped open. "Thats *no* reason to kill." He hissed at her. France looked at him, looking proud of herself. "Heh, and finally, I'll be able to see the dead body of the person I wanted dead the most." America turned around to see Poland and Ukraine struggling viciously in Ussr and Nazi's arms.

"Dad!" Germany yelled. He let go of France and ran towards his father, who was almost strangling Poland. "Ah, Germany. Here's your pet." Nazi said smoothly. Nazi threw Poland to the ground, whee she rubbed her head and shook herself violently. "Wheres Russia?" America asked, walking towards Ussr. Ussr in turn threw Ukraine to the ground, where she lay limp. "He's alive, for now." Ussr said, his thick accent ringing out. America couldn't help but shake in fear. "Now, we need to interrogate all of you and keep you under close watch." Nazi said, pulling out a box with a red button

on it. "A-are you going to k-kill us?" Germany said, cradling Poland in his arms. Nazi laughed. "No, but we need to make sure you don't *escape*." Ussr said. Nazi pushed the button, and darts shot out of the trees surrounding all of them. "Hey...what about...Fran...." Canada was cut off by him falling over onto the ground, out cold. "HEY YOU CANT DO THIS!" North Korea shouted, as the dart hit him in his neck. North Korea and Germany both fell over, fast asleep. "Japan!" Yelled out South Korea as a dart shot toward her. South Korea went in the way and caught the dart in his chest. "Southie!" Japan cried out, soon being shot by a dart in her back. Japan fell and curled up like a sleeping cat, beside South Korea's sleeping body. America whirled around, trying to look for a place to hide. He vaguely noticed that France was out cold too. Just as America ran into the bushes, he was shot in the back of the neck with a dart.
'NO! I CANT BE HELD PRISONER AGAIN! I NEED TO BE WITH RUSSIA! NOONONO!'
America fell the the ground, and closed his eyes.

I just totally changed the end plot. Don't kill me please. Also since I'm starting to actually like this book, there will be more chapters, so it's not the ending yet. Originally, Russia was going to die, America was going to kill France, Poland amd Canada were going to die, and the ending would have been in this chapter, but I have another idea for the ending. A twist, you might call it.

-Isablue

11- AGAIN!?

Warning: Torture, gore also kinda dramatic, DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE SENSITIVE TO THAT CONTENT! Also, this is probably going to be the longest chapter in his book.

{Russia's POV}

Russia slowly opened his eyes. He was in father's prisoner cells.
'Crap, where's America? Am I dead? What happened?'
Russia sat up and rubbed his neck. "Ow!" He yelled out, the long, deep scratch on his neck beginning to bleed again. He stood up and walked to the cell bars. He wrapped his hands around the bars and stared out. Right across from him, two guards and a light blue country with a white star was thrown into the cell roughly by the two guards. Russia looked to his right side. There was a small window, with bars of course. He turned to it and looked through. Yep, there was Canada, with an unconscious Ukriane with him.
"Psst, Canada!" Russia whisper-shouted into the window. Canada looked up from the floor.
"Russia!" He whisper yelled back, standing up. He came to the window. "Where's America? " Russia asked. Canada's eyes flashed with fear and sadness. "Okay, I'll tell you the whole story," Canada said. " After you were hit with that blade, you blacked out and Ukraine and Poland looked after you. After we were interrogating France, Your and Germany's father came and took us all out with sleeping darts."

Russia's eyes widened in horror at what he'd just heard. "I'll be sleeping now. Wake me up if anything happens." Canada murmured. Russia nodded. "Yes, get some sleep. I'll look for the others." Russia turned around and looked in the left side window. It was Germany and Poland. They both were still knocked out. Sighing, Russia sat down on the single mattress on an old wood frame that was his bed. *' I wonder is America is even still alive. Where are North Korea, South Korea, and Japan? Will I die? Will any of my friends die? I wonder-*

A clicking sound interrupted Russia's thoughts. It was the same two guards from before, but they carried a limp body. It was America. "The Soviet Union ordered him to be put in here." One of the guards explained to Russia. They wouldn't explain to any other prisoners, sure, but Russia was *The* Soviet Union's kid. They *had* to treat him with respect, even if he was a prisoner. Without hesitating, the guards threw America into the prison cell, then locked it and scurried away hurriedly. Filled with excitement, Russia threw himself towards America and buried him in kisses and hugs. Russia noticed America waking up and fell back. "Hey,.. uh, *Ow.*" America said, rubbing his head. Russia grabbed America's hand and held it tight. "RUSSIA!?" America shrieked. America then lunged towards him and hugged him so tight, Russia couldn't breathe. "H-hey, I can't breathe.... you don't want me to die again, do you?" Russia coughed. America pulled back, sadness in his eyes. "But- i-" Russia shushed his partner.

"Shhh, let's get some sleep, now that I *ca*n have it, now that you're here." Russia whispered. America simply nodded and crawled onto the bed. Russia slid onto the bed and curled around America, dozing off.

"WAKE UP NOW!" A loud voice boomed from the other side of the bars. Russia immediately sat up, knocking America over in the process. "What!" America shouted from the floor. "Get them out. *All* of them." Ussr ordered to two guards. The guards nodded and unlocked the cage. America curled up against Russia and whimpered in fear. "We can do this the easy way, or the hard way." Ussr said coldly. Russia knew exactly what was happening; The Room: His father's infamous torture chamber.

One of the guards went to America and flipped him around so fast Russia could hardly process what was happening. The guard slid on a pair of handcuffs around America's wrists. The other guard approached Russia warily. *'I'm not going down without a fight.'*
As soon and the guard flipped Russia around, Russia doubled back, hitting the guard with his head. Russia whirled around and hit the guard as hard as he could in his face.

"*Enough.*" Ussr growled.
Russia didnt listen. He kept attack in the guard. "Stop, or would you

like to see America disemboweled?" Ussr hissed. Russia stopped cold. The two guards jumped on Russia and put the hand cuffs on his arms. "Much better." Ussr said, picking America up and throwing him onto the ground. The first guard went to America and picked him up, leading him to the stairs. Russia looked around, still being dragged away by the guard. He saw Germany, Poland, Canada, Ukraine, North and South Korea, and Japan being dragged to the same place by the guards. After a long dragging into a corridor, everyone finally arrived at a room. The door had a sign: ENTER AND DIE.

'Nice welcome message' Russia thought sarcastically. The guard dragged him into the room. It was all gray, except for the infamous "Board of Death" Russia had heard all about. All the guards placed all the prisoners on chairs. Russia struggled as his guard tied him into the chair with chains and ropes. Soon, the guards left the room making it seem more empty. Russia looked around, he saw that all of his friends have had the same treatment, tied to their chairs. "Now, that everyone is safe and in place, Me and Nazi have a *special* surprise for you." Ussr's voice rang out. Russia struggled more desperately. He knew, that whatever Ussr and Nazi have planned, it *can't* be good.

"Now, we'll start with.....," Nazi said, looking around. "Japan. " He decided. "Why father, are you *doing* this!?" Germany suddenly cried out. Nazi whipped his head to glare at him. "You and Russia are our sons, but you guys are *useless*. So, he have two *better* children to replace you. "Nazi mocked. Ussr stepped forward. "Would you like to know *who*?" Ussr mocked. "Belarus, and Kazakhstan."

"ENOUGH CHITCHAT! TIME TO KILL THE KITTY!" Nazi yelled out, obviously impatient. Ussr let out a hearty laugh. "Be patient, Comrade." Russia looked to America. America was struggling to hide his fear. '*We might not make it out alive.'* The realization hit him like a brick. "Father I'm sorry, whatever we did, we didn't mean it. Please let us go." Russia said desperation swallowing him up. Ussr turned to look at his son. "I only wish I *could believe* that, Russia."

With that Ussr and Nazi grabbed Japan and dragged her into a opaque cell of some sort. It was completely silent. After a few minutes of unnerving silence, a small whine of pain was heard from

the cell. Russia recognized is as Japan's. "JAPAN! NOO LET HER GO! "South Korea was thrashing furiously in his chair, sobbing.Russia looked to Canada and Ukriane. Ukraine was softly crying. *"She knows what's going on in there."* Canada was looking at her, whispering sweet nothings to her.

{America's POV}
America shared a glance with South Korea. North Korea, who was beside him, was chewing at the ropes trying to escape. America turned to Russia. "Hey, Rus, if we don't make it.... just know that I love you *so muc*h." Russia turned to look back at him. "Heh, I love you too, but I have a plan." The door to the cell opened. "South Korea, you're next." Ussr spoke out. He signaled to two guards, who promptly grabbed the Korean country. "I guess this is the end for me." South Korea whispered, probably to himself. America started to sob as his friend was taken away to his death.
"Where's France?" Canada asked through his tears. Russia turned to him. "She's probably being saved for last, since she *did* do their bidding." He answered. America noticed all the other guards leaving their room.
He barely noticed that North Korea had gotten out of his chains and ropes. "Hey guys!" North Korea whisper-shouted at the other countries. Canada and Russia turned to him. "What?" Canada asked curiously. "Seriously, *how* are you not showing emotion? Your own brother is *dead.*" America said. North Korea stood up out of his chair. "When Soviet and Nazi come out, everyone jump on them at once." North Korea said, untying Russia out of his ropes and chains. As soon as Russia was out, Russia went to America, look in him in the eye while untying him. "We-we might *live?*" America asked him. Russia nodded, done freeing his lover. America looked around the room. All of his friends had been freed. France was still tied in a chair, struggling furiously. "I have an idea!" America said. North Korea turned to him. "What Is it?" He asked him. America gathered up all of the chains and ropes. "We tie all of these," He said. He pointed to France. " To Her."

Oof sorry! I'm at school as I post this, last few chapters ! I think I might actually continue this book? Idk

12- Near End

EXTREME AND DETAILED GORE/TORTURE AHEAD! Don't worry, I'll warn you when it starts, so you can skip it if you want to. Also I've decided to keep this book going for now, but yeah, this chapter is definitely MORBID. And unnecessarily depressing. Actually no, this is more likely to be the longest chapter yet :')
Also this is not grammar checked so yeah

{America's POV}

It took a long while. But when the countries were done tying France down, everyone was pleased. Except Russia, he wanted her to *die,* for kidnapping America and putting him through pain. And except France of course, because *she* was the one being tied down.

"I think he's coming!" Germany whispered, putting himself into place. "Everyone remember your places?" North Korea asked them. Russia and America nodded. Poland and Ukraine were safely hidden in the back, because Canada and Germany had insisted that Ussr and Nazi would surely kill them on sight. America trembled with a mix of fear and excitement. Today, or *tonight*, America didn't know, was the day or night we would live or die. *'If I die, I hope Russia will still be sane. Wait, Russia's the strongest person I know. He'll be okay.'* All the countries went silent after a creak warned them that the door was opening. Suddenly, hands were around America's neck, tightening their grip. "Move, and America dies!" Yelled the voice who the hands belonged to. "Father No!" Russia screeched, lumbering towards him. "Okay, okay, what do you want?" Germany nervously asked. Canada and North Korea stared at the ground, ashamed that their plan had failed. America saw something hit Russia's head.

"Russia." Ussr hissed. "I want him to be killed next. And then I will let this...this *Capitalist* live." Canada's eyes were wide with alarm. America glanced at North Korea. His eyes were full of sorrow. Nobody moved for a long moment. Ussr tightened his grip on

America's throat. America let out a gurgled cry. Russia stood up very fast. *' NO Russia! Don't do it!'* "Okay, you win. Now let America go." Russia stated, calmly walking towards Ussr and America. Ussr smirked. He threw America to the ground, and snapped his fingers. Two guards appeared put of seemingly nowhere. "Take him to the room." Ussr's order made America shiver. *' I Have to do something.'* "NO! DON'T TAKE HIM! PLEASE!" America cried out. Russia looked into his eyes, as the two guards handcuffed him. They were full of love and sorrow. Ussr noticed their looks, and whispered to Nazi, who also appeared. Nazi snapped his fingers, and another guard came out of the darkness.

The guard handcuffed America, to his surprise and dismay. As the guards dragged Russia and America away, America looked back to his friends. Canada was in tears, wailing and sobbing for his brother. Ukraine and North Korea were staring at the ground, tears falling below them. Poland as sobbing into Germany's chest, and Germany looked hollow. Even though he didn't want to, America glanced at France. She looked proud, even though she was bombarded with ropes and chains. The guards opened the door. *'I'll never see them again!"* America sobbed quietly. And then, they were in the room. America gagged on the smell.

It stunk of blood, rotting bodies, and he saw that the walls of the room were almost *covered* in blood. America looked in the corner, and saw the dead, bloodied bodies of Japan and South Korea. America shook with fear. He was going to die here. And so was Russia. There was a metal board nailed to the wall, about the size of a very large person spread out. The guard threw America into the chair and chained him there. Then the guard pulled out a syringe filled with some sort of blue liquid. The needle poked him in his neck, and America flinched. His eyes droopy, America vaguely noticed Russia being braced to the wall. With that, everything went black.

{TIMESKIP}
GORE STARTS HERE
{Russia's POV}

Russia woke up with a jolt. He gave the blurry figure a weird look. It was Nazi, removing a needle from his chest. "It's an adrenaline

needle." Nazi said, taking the look as a question. Russia looked ahead of him. He saw America, chained to a chair. And his father, Ussr, removing some type of needle from his chest. "We've decided, that since you love each other, it's only fair that America gets to *watch* you die. Right in front of him." Ussr's deep voice called out. Russia's head dropped. He didn't want to die. And he *certainly* did *not* want America to *watch* him die.

"Anyways, Nazi here will be in charge of killing you, as I have paperwork to do." Ussr continued. Russia thought he saw a flash of sadness and regret in his father's eyes. *'Oh America.... I'm so sorry'* With that, Ussr left the room. "I'll be right back!" Nazi cheerfully called, leaving the room. "Hey America?" Russia whispered, just loud enough for America to hear. America looked up. "Yeah?" He whimpered. Russia struggled to speak around the lump in his throat. "I-I'm *so sorr*y. I don't want to leave you, and I'm so sorry I couldn't get you out of this mess." America smiled a bit. "It's okay. I know you did your best. I love you." Russia blushed slightly. "I love you too."

Nazi rolled in a cart, filled with medical tools, knives, and syringes filled with various liquids. Russia shivered. *'Wait I DONT WANT TO DIE!'* Russia thrashed in his appendage furiously. Nazi brought out two nails and a hammer. Russia knew what was going to happen to him. "Oh GOD NO!" Russia screamed. Nazi smiled evilly. "Now, be still, or I might *miss."* America started to openly sob and wail. Nazi ignored him and lined up a nail to Russia's palm. Without warning, Nazi swung the hammer and the nail penetrated his hand. Russia screamed in agony. He thrashed and thrashed. Nazi dropped the other nail, huffing under his breath. "NO!!" America yelled. Nazi turned around to pick up the other nail. Russia started to cry. Nazi then lined up the other nail to his other hand, and swung.

Russia began to wail, in hot, searing agony. Nazi looked at he crying mess he had caused. "Hmmm, I used this on the other two. I'll try something else." He Murmured to himself. Nazi then again went into the darkness. Russia just simply cried. His hands were searing with agony. *'Why can't this just be quick!?* Russia felt his hands begin to clot with sticky blood.

Russia's thoughts were disturbed by Nazi bringing in a cooking pan,

and a pasta strainer. Nazi looked at him. "Oh don't worry, this is for *later*." Russia's cheeks were soaked with tears. Russia looked at what Nazi was grabbing from the blood-soaked floor. It was a pack of matches, and a jug of gasoline. " PLEASE NO! STOP IT PLEASE!" America cried out, as if he was the one being tortured. Nazi approached Russia. He poured the gasoline at his feet, forming a small pool of flammable gas. Nazi dropped the jug on the cart and took out a match. Russia tensed up, expecting the scorching flames to surround him. Nazi stood on a chair with a vial of bright green liquid. Russia looked up just as he poured tiny drops onto Russia's arm. Russia screamed as the acid started to burn through his arm. Russia looked at his melting arm. He could see spots of bone through where the acai had hit him. Russia just screamed and cried until Nazi lit the match and threw it onto the pool of gasoline.

As the flames went up, Russia closed his eyes. He felt the heat of the flames crawl up his pants. The flames didn't go past his knees though, but it still hurt like holy hell. "GAH! STOP IT STOP IT!" Russia screamed at the flames burned his flesh. Russia screamed and screamed, until his throat gave out. Russia coughed, the smoke filling up his lungs. Unable to handle the agony, Russia passed out. Darkness filled his vision, and Russia knew nothing more.

Russia woke up to a pissy Nazi in front of him. "Wow, your weaker than I thought. And your *Soviet's* son. No wonder he wants you dead." He snarled at him. Nazi brought out a syringe, filled with a clear liquid. "It doesn't matter anyways, this is the last round for *you*." He continued. Russia went limp. His hands and legs burned with pain. Nazi stuck the needle into the lower part of Russia's spine. Russia winced at this. After a few minutes, Russia felt completely numb below his neck.

Nazi took notice of this and grabbed a sharp scalpel and turned around towards the terrified Russia. "America, I know the situation is looking dim for me, but just know that I love you with all my heart." Russia said, looking at Nazi's scalpel. "Okay, *enough* with all the lovey-dovey antics, it's curtains for you." Nazi interrupted. Russia took a deep breath and closed his eyes as Nazi drew a long cut from his ribs to his pelvis. Russia opened his eyes and immediately wished he didn't. The sight of his own organs and his

lack of feeling made Russia hyperventilate.

Nazi rushed into it. He grabbed what to Russia seemed to be a kidney. He plopped it into the strainer beside him. Nazi then grabbed the large intestine from the forming cavity, and proceeded to shake it around, splattering blood everywhere. "Party time!" Nazi shouted, swinging the organ around. Russia, feeling faint from the new source of blood loss, ignored Nazi. His attention instead, was onto America. In front of the country, was a small pool of vomit. *'I'm so sorry, my love. I wish it didn't have to be this way.'*

Next was the liver. Nazi took that out as well, alongside other organs. "I'm just kidney with you," Nazi said, taking out the other kidney. He tossed it into the strainer filled with various other internal organs. Russia was fading away. "Haha, my jokes are getting bladder. I guess you just gotta stomach them." Nazi laughed, taking out a few more organs. Russia was barely conscious. Nazi then took off the braces and let Russia drop to the floor below. Russia looked up from the floor. Everything felt very far away. Blackness edged his vision as he managed to look at America one last time, who was crying pitifully. *'Im sorry I have to leave you'*

Nazi drew back his foot, preparing a deadly kick. Russia tried to curl up, but he was too weak. Russia shut his eyes tight and braced himself for the kick. He opened his eyes just as Nazi's foot zoomed toward his head.

And then Russia woke up, panting from the horrible nightmare.

WOO WHAT A TWIST! PLEASE DONT MURDER ME,THIS CHAPTER TOOK A WHILE TO MAKE!

And in case you dont understand what happened, Russia was knocked out, but in Russia's dream, Russia was in America's POV, and then back to his own, and then vice versa. Sorry this makes no sense. Also, I'm seriously thunking about making a sequel. What do you guys think?
Aaaannd.....
Okay, im doing a Q+A, but there'll be skme rules:

-Rules-

▪Ask ME,don't direct it toward the characters
▪ No nsfw questions, please.
▪ DO NOT ASK FOR SPOILERS
▪That's actually it

Feel free to be nosy about this book and my life!
Okay, good bye,
- Isablue

Announcements + QnA

Hi yes I know I should be writing but NOPE NUH UH I CANT HEAR ANYTHING OVER MY SELF-PITYY!! But also, I've been incredibly busy with school, my YouTube channel, Art, Art Commisions, and my..... nightly activities (Dear God that sounds so sexual)

But seriously, I have NO motivation whatsoever. So, if you have any ideas for a plot/ending, I'd like you to let me know.

And also, I'm still doing the QnA! (Lmao nobody's asked me anything xD)

But again, just to go over the rules and such;

▪ Feel free to ask me anything! (But I will *not* answer any questions that make me uncomfortable, but then again, it also takes quite a bit to make me uncomfortable.)

▪ Please direct the questions to me, not the characters, because i will be answering the questions, not them.

▪ You CAN ask for spoilers to a possible sequel, although I'm not sure I WILL make it, but I definitely have IDEAS.

▪ Ask as many questions as you'd like!

▪ If you're that curious, you can ask about my personal life, if you really want to know, but again, I will NOT be answering questions that make me uncomfortable.

Also I'm working on chapter 13 of 7 Days, but it's taking forever, because i need plot and ending ideas.

Uhh please read

Lol I'm not working on chapter 13 until I get some questions.

13- New Light

God damn it sorry for not uploading! I was *extremely* busy with irl shit

|America's POV|

America noticed Russia come to. He whisked back to the waking country, shivering with fear for his beloved. He sat down, crossed his legs, and held Russia close. A LOT had happened while Russia was out cold: Third Reich and Ussr had been knocked out by Canada and Germany, then tied down by Poland and Ukraine. North and South Korea were busy tracking down TR and Ussr's base. Canada and Germany were with Poland, Japan, and Ukraine, deciding what to do next. America wondered if they would ever see civilization again. Probably not, considering their circumstances.
A loud yell snapped America back to reality. It was Third Reich and Ussr. They were yelling, loudly demanding their freedom. "LET ME OUT!" Ussr bellowed, thrashing his appendage. Third Reich was struggling as well, but he was not as strong as the federation tied up with him.
Canada stood up, holding Third Reich's pistol. Canada pointed the gun at Third Reich's forehead. "Be quiet, or I'll shoot you," He stated. "But I'd rather not..." he added quietly to himself, but Third Reich heard him. "Of course you wouldn't, your too *weak*." Third Reich sneered, eyes glittering with arrogance. Canada's eyes flashed with anger, but he said nothing. America watched as Canada stood up, and quickly shot Third Reich in the stomach with a loud BANG. "AARGH! YOU FUCKING SYRUP SUCKER!" Third Reich screamed, attempting to curl up to protect his now-bleeding wound. Canada stood back, and dropped the gun out of their reach. "Shut it. The wound won't kill you, but you might black out." Third Reich groaned in pain. "When I get out, I'll-" Third Reich's threat was cut off by a loud cry of triumph. " I found a whole stack of sleeping darts!" South Korea exclaimed, holding a bag of darts with a deep blue hue. "Good, we can use those." America said. He took Third Reich's pistol, and filled it with the darts. He stood back, aimed his

gun, and shot Third Reich right in his shoulder. "AGAIN?! WHAT THE HELL! I SHOULD HAVE MASSACRED YOU WHEN I Had the...."Third Reich went limp. The sleeping dart did its work. "Haha, rest in piss, motherfucker." America hissed. "What do we do now?" Asked Canada. "Now we should probably try to find an exit." Germany said, gently nudging Poland upwards.

[TimeSkip]

(Russia's POV)

Russia's eyes dropped with exhaustion. They'd been traveling for about a day without rest, wandering through the maze, trying to find an exit. "I think... we should rest now..." America gasped. Russia smiled. Of course *America* wasn't used to exercise. But it didn't matter, Russia loved him the same. The trip had been exhausting, especially with two unconscious federations to drag along. There was a clearing up ahead, where everybody could rest. "Alright, we'll rest in that clearing." Russia said. Everyone slowly moved towards the clearing. Once they got there, Canada and America dumped the prisoners into a ditch, and tied them up so they couldn't escape. Russia was making a fire, when he was interrupted by Poland and Ukraine. "Hey, I think that we should give the monsters another dart, just to make sure they sleep." Ukraine said to him. Russia turned to them. "Sure, why not?" Poland nodded and turned away with Ukraine. Russia watched as they both took a dart gun, and shot the two countries in their shoulders. "Alright guys, lets sleep." Russia said. The fire was big enough for good light and warmth. Russia curled up on the ground, and soon the others joined him. America curled up beside him, breathing softly on his neck.

[The Next Morning]
(America's POV)
America woke up, to the singing of birds. He sat up, stretching and yawning. Today was it. The day everyone would get to leave and go home. Soon, everyone awoke, yawning and stretching. Today is the time.

Sorry it's so short, I just wanted to get something out there. Next chapter is the last one.

A/N

Sorry for not posting. I've been going through some things, and I haven't had any motivation to write anything. And I probably have health issues, due to my constant drinking of Mountain Dew. IM SO FREAKING SORRY I DIDNT REALIZE HOW TIME CONSUMING HIGH SCHOOL IS

14- Back Home

[Russia's POV]

Russia woke up to the sound of rustling. Russia yawned, sitting up and stretching as well. He gingerly touched the wound on his neck, it wasn't as bad as before, but it still hurt a bit. He looked around, the area was *brighter*. Brighter than usual. Russia smiled. *'We'll go home today.'*
His mind flickered to Soviet and Third Reich. *'We will most likely have to kill them'* Russia felt sick to his stomach, he didn't *want* to kill his and Germany's fathers, but it was extremely dangerous not to. Russia decided to wake up the others, so he wouldn't have to think about Soviet and TR.

Russia nudged America into wakefullness. America's eyes opened, as he yawned tiredly. "Its time to go," Russia whispered. America's eyes widened, and he quickly sat up. Russia sat up, and looked around. Canada, and Poland were up, waking the others as well. "Welp, I guess we're going home." America yawned. "There's one thing we need to do before we leave." Russia called out. Every one faced him, edged with curiosity. Russia swallowed hard. "We'll have to... to *kill* those two." He motioned to Ussr and Nazi. Germany gasped. "We-we can't! They're yours and mine fathers!" Russia's eyes softened with sympathy. He wished he didn't have to kill his father too. "We *have* to. It's very dangerous not to. They'll kill me and you without hesitation, and we're their *sons*." Russia said. Germany's head dropped down. "....Alright, but I'm not doing it."

"Its alright. North and Me will do it." Russia conceded. "Everyone else, get something to eat and get ready to move." North sidled up to him. "Come with me." Russia ordered. North nodded and followed him, into the bushes. Ussr and Nazi were still there, tied up. Russia stood before them, his gun aimed at Ussr's head.

"Father. I loved you, but you didn't love me back. Instead, you threw me and my friends into this maze. Like rats. Like fucking *experiments.* You almost *killed* America. He was the only one who

bothered to fill my empty heart. Now i must kill you. I wish I did not have to, but i do."

He faced Nazi next. "Third Reich, you are Germany's dad. I'm glad he did not end up like you. Cold. Ruthless. Merciless. *Evil.* He is a kind, compassionate, carefree country. And *you* tried to kill the one thing that made him happy. You tried to kill *Poland*. Was invading her land, destroying her enough? He wishes you loved him as well. He thought you could change. I guess he was wrong."
Russia nodded a signal at North Korea. NK aimed, and shot Nazi in the head. Before he was shot though, Russia could swore he saw Nazi's eyes filled with regret. "You may go." Was all Russia needed to say. NK nodded and trod back to the rest of the group, into the bushes.

"I'm sorry father." Silent tears slid down Russia's face. He shut his eyes tight. Then he shot.

After a few moments, Russia opened his eyes. Al, that was left of Nazi and Ussr were their hats. The Unions had faded to dust. Russia sniffed, the last tear leaving his eye. He gingerly picked up Ussr's Ushanka, along with Nazi's hat.

He silently trod through the bushes. When he came to the camps he saw America's eyes fill with pity. "Its fine." Russia said before America could speak. Germany came over, he looked relieved. "Hey, I want you to keep Nazi's hat. To remember what he did, and how to chose a different path." Russia said, handing the hat to him. Germany looked wary of the hat at first, but then took it, smiling slightly. Russia looked up. "Is everyone ready to go?" He asked. Everyone nodded. America and Russia took the lead. Russia grabbed America's hand, smiling. "Great." Russia whispered,

"Let's go home."

AND THAT IS IT! THE END!! Thank you for reading this. Seriously though. I would have stopped at chapter 5. I probably won't make a sequel to this, or remake this. BUT WHO KNOWSS!?
I'm starting another RusAme story, it's called "Moonlight 'n Moonshine". But I *will* however, update the chapters, fix

spelling and grammar mistakes, things like that in this book. Thank you so much for following this crappy RusAme book. It means a lot to me ^^

holy fuck

Almost 4.k reads?
Wtf xD
But ty anyway

What if i made a sequel to this mess of a book? Would you want that? My writing has improved a BUNCH and i havent been on wattpad in a solid month.

okay so

If ya didnt read the update on my other book,

Im kind of not into countryhumans anymore, im more into danganropa now

So
I dont know if ill finish Into the Night, or Make that sequel

Lmao don't kill me please
I might go back to it maybe

Fffffff bye

Why are yall still reading this book lmao -

Yikes

Okay so

This is cringey as hell
BUT
I might start a remake soon
Because this is cringey as SHIT
and yeah

Okay bye
I havent been here forever
I started this book when j was 12-13 and im just about 15

:>

what the literal hell

Jesus fucking christ this is cringe, I wrote this when I was I grade 7, now I'm in grade 10 LMAO

I kinda wanna delete this because this is cringe but I also dont want to to eof the nostalgia

But God damn man